

o deer by femmesteve

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Summary:

Does found Steve charming. They giggled at his jokes and chased him around playfully and they never tried to butt heads. Perhaps, that was why he preferred their company over the company of other stags. Truthfully, Steve's rack just wasn't that impressive. It didn't have the many gnarls and numerous branching antlers that other stags had. He always ran when someone wanted to roughhouse. Wrestling meant butting heads.

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

A BIRTHDAY GIFT FOR A FRIEND! Out of my comfort zone to say the least. ^^;

Does found Steve charming. They giggled at his jokes and chased him around playfully and they never tried to butt heads. Perhaps, that was why he preferred their company over the company of other stags. Truthfully, Steve's rack just wasn't that impressive. It didn't have the many gnarls and numerous branching antlers that other stags had. He always ran when someone wanted to roughhouse. Wrestling meant butting heads.

No, Steve was more better accustomed to sun bathing and gossip, flowers and little white dots. Of course he was teased mercilessly for this by his fellow bucks, who taunted him as they passed on their way to meet their lady friends. Steve merely turned his nose up and looked away. His dear friend Nancy had taught him this.

Nancy, sweet Nancy, with her lovely chestnut hair and adorably soft ears. Her long, long, legs that she liked to cover with white cotton. She was being courted by the only buck that Steve deemed worthy of his attention. His name was Jonathan, and he never tried to fight Steve. Steve gave Nancy over easily, as she was never quite his own to keep. He was far too fond of her friendship to court her. She deserved someone like Jon.

Steve often sat with them away from everyone else, three deer of the more shy kind, perfectly happy with the company they were in. Sometimes, Steve did feel like a third wheel. At those times, he would wander away and sunbathe alone somewhere the air was sweet with nearby flowers. He had a feeling that Nancy and Jonathan did not miss him when he did this, as they did not follow.

Steve had chose a very lovely day to isolate himself and lay out in the sun. His shirt was tied neatly around his waist so that he could feel the warmth on his chest and belly. He hummed softly to himself,

listening to the sounds of doe chatting nearby and the faraway sounds of bucks clash antlers and shout.

Suddenly, the warmth left him. He opened his eyes, expecting to find a cloud covering the sun. What he found instead was a tawny colored buck standing over him. His chest was broad like his shoulders, his head high and proud as he looked down at Steve. His rack was huge, and his blue eyes even bigger. Steve was frightened. His nose twitched and he prepared to get up and bolt.

“Wanna play?” The newcomer asked.

Steve sat upright and peered up at the other buck, curious but still on edge, “Play what?” He asked wearily.

“You’re quite small,” The buck responded instead of answering, “You might fall and break what little growth you have,” He pointed up at his own rack.

Steve sneered, “Where did you even come from?”

“Over there,” Billy jerked his head back to indicate where. He said this as though it was quite obvious.

“What’s your name?”

“Billy.”

“Oh,” Steve uttered softly, “I’m Steve.”

After their first encounter, the two bucks became much better acquainted over a short time. It wasn’t that Billy followed Steve around, it was just that Steve couldn’t quite shake him. Billy was obviously fond of roughhousing, and he loved to try and engage Steve. The smaller buck often found himself pinned to the grass beneath his grinning friend, who provoked him from above in an attempt to rule him up.

“You’re such a doe!” Billy huffed petulantly after another failure.

“Go and bang heads with someone who wants to!” Steve snapped.

“What are you going to do in the fall? Roll over so that someone else can take your girl?” Billy said.

“I don’t have one!” Steve snapped.

“Oh, yeah,” The larger buck sneered, “Jonathan took your pretty doe already, didn’t he? Heard there wasn’t even a fight.”

“She’s happy with him,” Steve muttered, looking away from Billy’s blue gaze.

Billy growled and his ears twitched angrily, “I had to pick you of all people for a friend,” He muttered, “Had the whole valley and I chose the biggest pussy out here!”

“Pick someone else!” Steve shouted, stamping angrily.

“No!” Billy yelled back.

Steve let out a frustrated grunt and surged himself forward, clashing hard against Billy’s antlers with his own. Billy planted his feet and was quickly fighting back, practically slobbering through his ground teeth. Steve was blinking through angry tears, pushing hard even though it hurt and he was scared of breaking something.

Billy stepped back suddenly, dodging Steve’s next charge. He pushed hard on Steve’s chest so that he fell backwards, hitting the ground with a hard thump that knocked the wind out of him. When Steve reopened his eyes it was to see Billy, breathing in hard puffs as he brought himself to lay down beside the brunette.

“There you go,” Billy huffed out.

...

When the fall came, Steve wasn’t quite ready to lose Billy to the clutches of a newly pregnant doe. He knew that Billy had caught the eye of many girls since he arrived, and it bothered him in a way that

he shouldn't. He wasn't jealous. He felt-Possessive. Billy was his. Steve had him first. They practically reeked of each other anyway. It wasn't enough, though. Billy would father a child and grow even bigger probably, no longer interested in keeping friends and butting heads playfully.

Billy had been gearing up for several days, tight with an energy that was both sexual and angry in nature. He and Steve's favorite tree was marked thoroughly, the bark torn into by Billy's strong rack. Despite this, no one had wandered over to give it a sniff. Billy didn't seem to be allowing them too. Which was odd.

Billy had been more aggressive as of late, more assertive during their play fights. He always wanted Steve beneath him, and he always got it. Steve let himself go down easily. He didn't know why. He didn't know why he liked being beneath the larger buck. That Billy was so much bigger in general. How easily Billy took control.

Steve was helping Billy to release some steam, a daily thing since the blond started to approach rut. Steve himself had never experienced a rut, and Billy knew this. Billy told him it was a good thing. That they were the worst. Steve believed him. Billy was very aggressive.

Steve's back hit the ground for the third time since they started, a soft 'oof' escaping his lips as Billy straddled his waist. Billy grunted and took a hold of Steve's antlers, pushing down so that Steve winced and stayed down.

"Feel that?" Billy asked, his voice rough.

"Feel what?" Steve responded patiently.

"My *dick*, Steve," Billy spat, grinding his hardness down to further prove his point.

"Your-" Steve frowned, eyebrows knitting together, "What?" He could feel it, yes, but what was it?!

"Don't play dumb," Billy said, jerking Steve's head by his antlers, "My cock, stupid doe. Baby makin' stick."

Steve was thoroughly confused, "Can I see it?" He asked.

Billy snorted, "Looks just like yours," He grinned, "Probably bigger."

"I don't have one?" Steve said.

Billy laughed at that, "Okay it's starting to be more annoying than cute, drop the act." He said.

Steve tried to sit up, grunting with effort as Billy was still holding him down. He was confused! What did Billy have in his pants that he didn't have! Was apparently supposed to have?

"Show me!" Steve ordered, frown deep and prominent.

Billy chuffed and looked around. There wasn't anybody, as usual. They were in one of Steve's lonely spots. Near their tree. It was good enough for Billy, who promptly unzipped his pants and pulled his cock free.

"Why do you need that?" Steve muttered, watching shyly as Billy stroked it.

"You're starting to worry me, Steve," Billy said, though his eyes were locked hard on the other bucks face, puffing through his nose as he stroked his aching dick, "It's what makes us bucks."

"I thought-" Steve reached up to touch his rack, "I thought our antlers were what made us bucks?"

Billy's eyes grew huge at that, "Do you honest to God not have a dick?"

"No!" Steve exclaimed, shoving Billy off of him. He shoved his pants and underwear to his thighs, exposing himself. Between his open legs and nestled in soft brown hair was undoubtedly, a vagina.

Billy's eyes seemed to bug out of his head as he stared in awe. He didn't know what to make of that, other than it explained a lot.

Steve's cheeks turned red the longer Billy stared. He buckled his knees shyly, huffing.

"You're a girl!" Billy sputtered out.

"Fuck you, I'm not!" Steve absolutely snarled, "I'm a buck!"

Billy pushed Steve's legs apart so that he was exposed again. He licked his lips and looked up at Steve's blushing face, feeling his cock ache from the lack of attention. He suddenly felt a lot better about wanting to rub his dick on Steve every time they wrestled. However, Steve was still a buck. It still wasn't right.

"You don't know what this is for?" Billy asked, grabbing his dick firmly and beginning to stroke. Steve's eyes watched the movement with rapt attention.

"No," Steve said.

"It goes in here," Billy said softly, dipping his index finger into the heat of Steve's pussy.

Steve gasped and tried to close his legs again, only for Billy to pry them apart again.

"Usually does have this," Billy explains, slowly inching the finger in deeper, "A buck sticks his dick in her and it feels really good..It makes babies,"

"I'm not a girl," Steve whimpered, his legs inching further apart as Billy began to shallowly thrust the digit.

"Course not, sweet fawn," Billy cooed.

Billy started to slide in his second finger alongside the first, stretching Steve slightly. He withheld a whimper, squeezing his cock in his hand. Steve was tight as fuck, and Billy was so horny he felt like he was going out of his mind. All this time spent lusting over his closest friend and he could of just rubbed him open like this. Steve was shaking from two fingers, lower lip trembling and legs threatening to

do the same.

“This is why you’ve never had a rut,” Billy observed, “Maybe you’ve been having heats and never realized it.” Likely not, but damn if that didn’t turn him on. Steve was like a doe with a rack on her head, flat chested and broad shouldered and so fucking tall and with a hot, little hole between his legs and dammit he was *all* Billy’s.

“A heat?” Steve voiced weakly.

“Yeah, baby,” Billy watches his fingers entering Steve, picking up the pace, “It’s..a girl rut.”

“Stop calling me a girl!” Steve whined out, clenching hard around Billy’s fingers.

“You’re not a girl, Steve,” Billy reassured him.

Billy withdrew his fingers and licked them clean. He swiped his tongue over the pad of his thumb to get it wet and then pressed it firmly against Steve’s clit. He began to rub it in tight, little circles, watching as Steve’s mouth fell open in a silent moan.

“Are you guh-“ Steve swallowed and squeezed his eyes shut, “Are you gonna put *it*..In me?” He asked.

Billy closed his eyes and groaned, “Do you want that?” He breathed out.

Steve bit down on his bottom lip and looked heavenward. The sun was going down slowly but surely. He wanted it. He had never been able to identify what he felt for Billy, but it seemed clear now. Billy had something that he needed.

“Yeah,” Steve responded softly.

Billy sighed out hard and tugged Steve’s jeans the rest of the way down. He guided himself using his dry hand, pressing the head against Steve’s soaking entrance. He watched Steve’s face as he pushed in, grunting as Steve’s features contorted in pain. Steve

whined loudly and arched.

“You’re gonna rip me apart!” He exclaimed, though his legs locked tight around Billy’s back.

“Shh, sh, no,” Billy shook his head, “That’s what it’s made for, Steve, it’s meant to go in your pussy,”

Steve sobbed and reached for Billy, who grabbed his hands and brought them to his mouth. He kissed Steve’s palms and fingers, over and over. He didn’t know if it was gratitude or adoration. He just knew that he /loved/ Steve.

“You’re perfect,” Billy grunted, beginning to rock his hips, “You’re so perfect, your cunt is so *tight, baby*,” He hissed.

“It hurts,” Steve said.

“Cause you were a Virgin. Not anymore, though,” Billy’s first thrust pulled a noise from them both, “Took care of that. Stretched your little pussy out- gonna get you good and loose so I can use you all fall,” He grunted again, beginning to thrust in a pattern.

Steve moaned, feeling tears slide down his face. He didn’t want to ruin it, but he felt so happy. He had always wondered what made him so different from other bucks. Why he was so small and feminine.

“Don’t know if you can get pregnant, but I’m gonna try so hard to get you good and knocked up,” Billy touched Steve’s stomach, caressed it, “Fill you up so well, you’re gonna love it, you’re gonna love being my little doe, baby.”

Steve nodded and bit his lip, chest bouncing with sobs. It feels so good, Billy’s so deep and it hurts so bad but it’s *good* and he wants it harder. Harder. He’s saying the word, over and over again. He’s crying more and then he’s seeing white, cunt throbbing around Billy’s big dick as he whimpers.

“Fuck, I think you just came,” Billy muttered, groaning as Steve’s

pussy grows impossibly more tighter, winking around his cock and pulling his orgasm out of him. He moans loud, and it seems to shake the trees around them as he pumps warm seed inside of Steve.

Steve hiccups and watches as Billy pulls out. White spills from inside him and mixes with dirt. He's so squishy and tired, and Billy is sucking on his mouth, calling him his *everything* and Steve is so fucking happy.

2. Chapter 2

Summary for the Chapter:

the lovely human I wrote this for has waited a great deal of time for a second part to this silly little piece! This is for them! <3

Despite serving as Billy's "doe" during his rut, Steve didn't feel any differently. He was a buck, no matter what Billy tried to say. None of the does he knew had a rack on their head. That was all the proof he needed. Maybe his biology got screwed up in the womb, he didn't fucking know.

Despite his certainty in his gender, Steve didn't want to stop seeing Billy romantically. Billy was handsome and hilarious, and sweet when he chose to be. There were times when his temper flared, jealous fits and demanding nature. Steve didn't mind. He just walked away and left Billy to it. Billy would find him later, looking apologetic as he licked Steve's neck and tried to press flowers into his hand.

Steve didn't tell Nancy. He didn't tell anyone. They all found out on their own. If they cared, they didn't show it. Quiet, weird Steve hooking up with the new guy wasn't a huge deal. They were both nobodies. Except, they were nobodies together.

Steve was sunning, as one does on a warm afternoon, thinking about all of this with a quaint smile on his face. His book was abandoned, laying open beside him in the grass. The air was sweet and the space quiet. It was perfect.

Steve jumped as someone suddenly plopped down beside him, and his eyes flew open to find that it was only Billy. His relief was only momentary, as he was quick to notice the breakage on Billy's rack. He grunted stressfully and cupped Billy's face,

"What did you do?!" He demanded, "Did you break it on a tree again?!"

“No,” Billy mumbled, “It cracked while I was fighting with Tommy. It’s just one of the smaller ones, it’ll be fine..”

Steve grunted again and climbed into Billy’s lap, feeling sympathy for the other buck at an alarming capacity. He froze, blinking. Wasn’t this a mating thing? He’d never felt this concerned about someone getting hurt before, and his first instinct sure as hell wasn’t to touch them.

“Fuck,” Steve hissed, “You asshole!” He frowned.

“What’d the hell I do?!” Billy backpeddled.

Steve frowned and yanked Billy around playfully by his rack, “You scared me!”

Billy rolled his eyes and caught Steve around the waist, shoving him forward so he could lay on top of him,

“You’re such a fucking doe,” He said, biting Steve’s neck with his blunt teeth, “It’s just a break, it’ll literally grow back next month.”

Steve closed his eyes and sighed, letting Billy shove a hand under his flannel and rub his stomach idly. Billy emitted a low throaty sound and pressed his face to Steve’s, exhaling hard against his cheek.

“I miss your pussy,” Billy said.

“Fuck off,” Steve muttered, blindly sending a hand out to hit Billy but missing.

Billy bit him again in reprimand, “Fighting makes me horny, and it doesn’t help that you’re so cute and worried about me...”

Steve pinched his eyes shut tighter and sighed softly. Hearing Billy being so forward about his own arousal definitely had an effect on him. He was fascinated with Billy’s cock. He loved to make it hard and leak, teasing with crude fascination until Billy got impatient and shoved it between his legs. Steve moaned softly, shifting his legs.

“You’re thinking about it, aren’t you?” Billy said, sliding one of his hands to the front of Steve’s shorts, resting a finger just over the

button, "You're such a slut for a hard cock in your cunt," He whispered, watching Steve clap his hands over his eyes, trying to hide.

Billy licked his lips, "Let's go find a shady spot."

...

The tree was green and full of life, huge so it cast a great, cool shadow for Billy and Steve to roll under. Steve straddled Billy's waist and pulled his shirt over his head, grinding down against Billy's hard cock. Billy groaned and held Steve's hips tight, bucking against him. Steve lifted his hips to pull his shorts off, kicking them into the grass somewhere.

Billy peeled his jeans down to his thighs, given no time to do anymore as Steve was on him again. Steve was slick and sensitive as he rubbed his pussy along Billy's shaft, mouth falling open. The pressure on his clit was delicious, making him consider just doing this until he came. Billy held his cock by the base, sliding the head between Steve's lips and teasing the wetness inside.

"My horny doe," Billy muttered fondly, "My baby.."

Steve didn't even correct Billy, too turned on to put in the effort. He took Billy's cock into his own hand and guided it to his entrance, throwing his head back as the thickness penetrated him. It was thick and felt so good as he slid down on it until he was seated, squeezing around the length as he trembled. Billy moaned loudly and thumbed apart Steve's lips to touch his clit idly, pulling it between his thumb and index finger.

"You're so fucking hot, Steve, God, you're so tight on my dick," Billy muttered, eyes sliding shut as he retracted his hand to cover his face.

Steve emitted a soft noise as he began to rock slowly, moving his hips. Billy exhaled And reached to grip Steve by the hips again, moving his hips the same way. It was so tight and wet, gripping his dick like a vice. He moaned again, thrusting once.

"Again," Steve said, pressing down on Billy's chest to lift his hips.

Billy obliges, helping lift Steve so that he could start thrusting into him. He pressed in each time with precision, driving himself deep enough to grind hard at Steve's inner walls before doing it again. Steve was hissing in pleasure, feeling his orgasm approaching. He began to ride Billy with fervor, breathing open mouthed as he sheathed Billy's cock inside of himself again and again.

Steve seized up and came suddenly, spasming around Billy's hard dick as he slumped forward and panted. His thighs shook as Billy continued to drive into him, groaning under his breath with his chin tipped upward.

"Wanna get you so fucking pregnant, baby. Gonna give you all my kids," Billy grunted, heading Steve cry out as his thrusts came harder, "Wanna breed this pussy so bad," He hissed.

Steve sobbed and clutched at Billy's shirt, gaping as Billy hit into him roughly, taking his pleasure as he raced toward orgasm. He muttered the other buck's name continuously, eyes dropping heavily as Billy used him.

When Billy came, it was unexpected. A hot gush of seed deep inside of his cunt. He could feel it keep coming and coming, as though it would never end. Steve squeezed himself around Billy's cock with a soft keen, milking all of it out.

"Wanna see it," Billy said gruffly, rolling over so that he was on top.

He pulled out with a groan, watching with hungry eyes as his sperm began to drip from inside Steve. He stuck his index finger inside deep, licking his lips as Steve's legs moved closer to his hips. He pushed the jizz back inside of Steve using two fingers, almost growling.

Steve's chest heaved up with every breath, eyes closed. He was tired as hell. Wanted a nap like he always did after good sex. Billy caught on and forced himself to wipe his fingers in the grass. He curled around Steve protectively, laying an open palm on his taut stomach.

Maybe next spring... He thought to himself, rubbing Steve's furry tummy as he thought about little white dots on soft, tawny fur.